

The Critic

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The Critic

(ESTABLISHED IN 1881)

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SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1894

Literature

Fiske's Memoir of E. L. Youmans

Edward Livingston Youmans: Interpreter of Science for the People. A Sketch of his Life, with Selections from his Published Writings, etc. By John Fiske. D. Appleton & Co.

IN THIS VERY INTERESTING volume Mr. Fiske has presented, with excellent taste and judgment, the particulars of one of the noblest and most inspiring careers that the history of modern science can offer for the admiration and instruction of every student. The charm and worth of this career, as an example, are found not so much in the actual contributions to knowledge made by its hero, as in his personal character, in the difficulties overcome, and in the high purposes kept in view and carried out with wonderful persistence and success. He offered a singular instance of intense devotion to science, boundless aspiration, strenuous energy, and untiring industry, all directed to objects in which not a shadow of personal advantage was concerned, and the only aim was the good of others; and in this term "others," it may be added, there was no limitation short of all mankind, and indeed of all sentient creatures deserving and susceptible of benefit. The spirit which animated Fénelon in religion and Howard in beneficence was the spirit in which Edward Youmans worked in the cause of science.

He came of a race in which such qualities as he displayed are not uncommon, though rarely exhibited in such strength as they possessed in him. "Both father and mother," we are told, "belonged to the old Puritan stock of New England, and, excepting a Dutch great-grandmother, the father's ancestry was purely English." This father was Vincent Youmans, a man of more than average intelligence and cultivation, who, with true Yankee versatility, and with an amount of natural intelligence and moral worth which ensured him general respect, pursued his various occupations of farmer, wagon-maker, and blacksmith in the town of Coeymans, Albany County, N. Y. There his son Edward was born on June 3, 1821, the eldest of seven children, several of whom figure—always with advantage—in the pages of this memoir. The family income was scanty, but the sense of the value of education was strong, and the children had such advantages as the ordinary common-school could give them, with such further aid as the borrowing of books from neighbors and a small circulating-library could furnish. Edward grew up an insatiable reader, and a student in various lines. He had an eager desire for a professional career, in which his parents were willing to help him. But a serious obstacle intervened. Inflammation of the eyes, brought on by over-use of them in study, and aggravated by imprudence and neglect, led at first to partial and finally for a time to total blindness. The history of the twelve years, from the age of eighteen to thirty, during which he suffered more or less severely under this infliction, is one of painful and yet inspiring interest. He lost his chance of university education and a learned profession. But the loss proved in the end a gain for himself and for the world. The craving for knowledge led him to acquire it by the slow but sure process of listening to the reading and exposition of others, and fastening what he thus learned firmly in his mind. Through long meditation the facts and ideas thus gained assumed a completeness and lucidity which they might not otherwise have attained, and he was able to dictate them with a clearness which his own pen, without this training, might have failed to give them. He was fortunate in having a most capable assistant, both in the acquisition and the use of these mental stores, in his sister, Miss Eliza Youmans,

herself since distinguished as an author in various departments. It was under these circumstances that he was able to produce his well known Class-Book of Chemistry, which sprang at once into popularity, and, with several revisions, has continued to hold its place as one of the best works of its kind.

Happily, with his brightened fortunes, his health improved, and his sight was in a large measure restored. His increasing reputation as an adept in science brought him in demand as a lecturer. The mental training gained during his years of blindness again proved its unexpected value. The capacity for lucid exposition, acquired while dictating his Chemistry, made his lectures singularly effective and popular. He had found what seemed for a time his true vocation and field of usefulness. For many years he followed what might be termed the profession of a lecturer, receiving invitations from literary centres throughout the Union, and usually welcomed by large audiences. His gains from this source soon freed him from pecuniary anxieties, and enabled him to be helpful to his relations and friends. He had time, also, to prepare and publish a valuable Handbook of Household Science. But his interest in the diffusion of knowledge grew with his opportunities, and presently demanded and secured a much wider field.

This was obtained through his own disinterested efforts, in a manner as natural and as unlooked-for as his success in lecturing and the writing of books. Herbert Spencer had then begun his series of philosophical works, in which the general doctrine of evolution was announced, and its principles and laws disclosed, four years before Darwin made known his own views on that subject in his special field. Presented in Spencer's abstruse fashion, the doctrine found at first but slow and dubious acceptance in England. With a few minds in America it gained a more eager response. Edward Youmans was one of the first to discern its immense value. He was so much impressed with it that in February, 1860, he opened a correspondence with Spencer by a letter in which he offered his assistance in securing subscribers for the republication in America of the works which he so much admired. The offer was gladly accepted by Spencer, who appreciated at once the mental acquirements and the practical talent displayed in the letter. The letter and the reply are both now published, and deserve to be famous as the beginning of a correspondence and friendship destined to be of great importance, not only to the two writers concerned in it, but to the cause of science in both hemispheres. For the connection thus commenced was steadily enlarged until it embraced most of the leaders of scientific thought in Europe and America. It gave origin to the International Scientific Series,—published, at first, simultaneously in New York, London, Paris, and Leipzig, and afterwards also in Milan and St. Petersburg,—in which Youmans had the twofold satisfaction of drawing forth the latest expositions of scientific progress from the best qualified minds in various countries, and at the same time securing to the authors the remuneration which, under the defective copyright system then existing, they had been unable to obtain. Another and not less important result of the new connection was the establishment of *The Popular Science Monthly*, which the special talents of its projector and first editor, with the help of his able and appreciative publishers, speedily raised to the position of the most successful and the most useful of scientific periodicals. Both the Series and the *Monthly* were so firmly established and so admirably planned that they have continued to go on, after the founder's death, in undiminished

success and usefulness, under the same energetic and clear-sighted publishers, and under the direction of the founder's nearest relatives, specially trained by him for the work. The forecast of genius has seldom been more strikingly exhibited.

A large part of the volume is occupied by correspondence, mostly of Youmans and Spencer, with some pleasant and characteristic letters of Tyndall, Huxley, Beecher, and others. The literary tact of Mr. Fiske has been shown in the selection and arrangement of the letters or fragments of letters, which, with the interwoven narrative of the personal intercourse of Edward Youmans and his sister and younger brother with the scientific notabilities in England and elsewhere, form a specially attractive portion of the memoir. The correspondence and intercourse between Youmans and Spencer, maintained with constant and cordial fidelity till the too early death of the former in January, 1887, offer one of the most charming pictures of congenial friendship between intellectual leaders ever given to the world, and will not suffer by comparison with the more celebrated alliance of Goethe and Schiller. The letters and acts of Spencer, as disclosed in this work, reveal traits of character which must win for him the highest esteem. The grateful response to kindness, the prompt and manly helpfulness in all troubles, the gentle and almost womanly tenderness in illness—enticing his invalid friend to the Riviera, and there watching over him with the cautious skill and care of an able physician and a thoughtful nurse—the frequent and urgent injunctions against the disposition for overwork which finally proved fatal to his friend,—all show noble qualities, to evoke which was no small honor to this much-loved friend. The present record, which we owe to another friend of similar character, shows how thoroughly well deserved were the strong attachment and warm admiration which drew to Edward Livingston Youmans so many members of the foremost intellectual class in America and Europe. His life and example, with his teachings, as presented in the present volume, are gifts to the world of great and enduring value.

History from Day to Day

Biographies Reprinted from The Times. Macmillan & Co.

THE LATER VOLUMES of this series have not eclipsed the first one in interest, though they all contain valuable collections of essays upon famous men. There are thirty-four of them, all told, in the first volume, the list ranging from Dickens to Mill, from Babbage to Landseer. But what gives to this volume peculiar interest as well as definite historic worth is the paper on Napoleon III. This is an exception to all the rest, both in manner and in extent. The large tract of that singular character, which has steadily taken on, of late years, wider significance and deeper purpose, is here explored with acute, if not, indeed, definitive observation. The Second Empire is resolved through the study of its founder into the projection outward of a phase of character common enough in morals, but not so common in statecraft, and not much analyzed in either. It is that frame of mind which feels instinctively that it has within itself no authoritative tests of the relative value of different actions. To natures of this sort, in the presence of new conditions, the question is not, "What does circumstance necessitate?" but rather, "What would so-and-so do in my place?" This pernicious attitude is so common in latter-day morality, that we have entered into a conspiracy of silence to ignore it. In politics, however, when it is successful, we call it hero-worship; its equivocal stage is dubbed conservatism; while inconsistency is the name we use when it has lost its ability to decide what the other man would do.

Napoleon III. illustrated all three phases. As is here said, "notwithstanding the greatest dissimilarity of mind and heart, his intense admiration of his uncle led him to a strange identification of himself with the great conqueror." Again,

"the nephew carried the worship of his uncle's memory to the verge of superstition." By this theory, then, Napoleon III. was a man with a touchstone. Conscious of his own limitations, he strove ever to apply to the conditions of his age the intellectual processes, not of his own mind, but of the mind of his uncle. To do so, however, with any shadow of a possibility of success, argued two things: comparatively simple situations and an imaginative power equal to that of a first-rate creative dramatist. The Emperor had neither. Those very "Napoleonic ideas" of which "he made himself the high priest and interpreter" could never have been comprehended, with sufficient power to apply them to new conditions, by any man who was not himself profoundly original. It is in failing to make plain how far the writer would attribute the Emperor's mistakes to this inability to comprehend the "Napoleonic ideas," and how far to the defects of his character, that the essay is unsatisfactory. It is, in fact, a brilliant intimation of one construction of the Second Empire, rather than a completed statement.

St. Francis of Assisi

Life of St. Francis of Assisi. By Paul Sabatier. Translated by Louise Seymour Houghton. Charles Scribner's Sons.

AN OLD STORY RETOLD, an old frame regilt, an old picture retouched. For six centuries the picture and the story have been seen and heard. Even the old frame—the gold and white, the blue and the purple of sunny Italy—has been scrutinized by thousands of pilgrims who have come from all of the Christ-lands to look upon the scene of the labors of Francis. Two kinds of men and women have studied the picture and re-read the story. Youthful enthusiasts, eager to know the meaning of life, to redeem its fleeting hours, to ally their spark of being with the flame of God, have studied the life of Francis of Assisi to learn the secret of his power. Others again, who have ridiculed the dreams of youth, and still others, who, under pressure of necessity and because immediate duties had all along been imperative, had neglected or forgotten, have in some quiet hour before the falling of the night-shadows turned to re-read the story. They have looked into that record with an unwonted enthusiasm, which nothing meaner could kindle. They have done this in order to see what kind of life was really worth living. In the searching light of nearly level western sun-rays, they have looked at that fascinating Italian, nay, that human figure. Both classes of readers will welcome the fresh story of the Umbrian saint who strove to reproduce in his own flesh and blood the "sweet Galilean vision."

Who Paul Sabatier is, we do not know. Such paragraphs as the reviewer has read make him out a "Protestant" and also a "Parish Priest" in France; but whoever, or whatever, ecclesiastically speaking, he may be, he is a master of thought and of style. His pages sparkle with epigrams, with jeweled sentences, with sentiments which one wants to quote or learn by heart. Evidences of research are found on every page, and besides abundant foot-notes and references to authorities, there are scores of pages devoted to a critical study of the sources, while an appendix is given to a critical study of stigmata, concerning which the author thus gives his decision:—"Begun in a misapprehension, it ends by imposing itself upon the Church, which to-day guarantees it with its infallible authority; and yet in its origin it was a veritable cry of revolt against the decisions of Rome." The introduction, —to which attention was directed in *The Critic's* review of the French edition, on March 31—is one of brilliant rhetorical power, and re-pictures for us in crystal sentences that thirteenth century which, with juvenile ardor, undertook the revolution that has not yet reached its end. In the north of Europe this spirit became incarnate in cathedrals, in the south in saints. These saints were true prophets. One of the greatest of them was Francis, whose full name was Giovanni Francesco Bernardone, born in 1182, the son of a

rich merchant. He indulged in luxury and youthful carousals. In a fit of sickness he saw life in new lights, and then began that wonderful change which made him restorer of the ruined house of God. How he gathered other young men around him, wrote out the rules of poverty, chastity and obedience; how he wrung from the Pope the approval and the official authorization necessary at that age, and gathered followers in many cities and sent missionaries into the countries of the Infidels, is told with all the force and skill of a finished literary artist. Other writers have pictured the ecclesiastic—Sabatier gives us a full portrait of the man, so that we see him as he looked into eyes that met his own. We feel as it were in his presence; we realize his kindness and love for all animate things. The chapter which describes his last days and his passing from this life, is one of tender pathos. Into the story of the wonderful order which he founded and which took his name, and which produced so many popes, poets, missionaries and saints, the author does not go. He has simply attempted to unveil the secrets of the power which is yet unspent. He has shown what shams and rags are the mere names of "Protestant" and "Catholic," and what a clear type of reality and truth a sincere man is. He has shown how, in spite of "the" or "a" "only true Church," a saint can live and grow, and the Word again become flesh. The book is not calculated to make men orthodox, but it is likely to make Christians.

The Apostle of Soul-liberty

Roger Williams, the Pioneer of Religious Liberty. By Oscar S. Straus. The Century Co.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE American Jewish Historical Society is not unknown as a historical writer. In his former book, "The Origin of the Republican Form of Government in the United States," he showed how closely our political organization is modeled in principle upon that representative system of government organized by Moses, when the Hebrew lawgiver formed the desert commonwealth. As American Minister to Turkey, he correlated in a practical manner, and for the benefit of the American citizens there, the spirit of the Constitution of the United States and of the Capitularies, made centuries ago, by which latter Turkey is, theoretically at least, a land of toleration. He has found a congenial theme in his study of the founder of Rhode Island. There are some who may challenge the title of his book, for it is hard to see in what way Roger Williams was the pioneer of religious liberty when we remember that the great German, William the Silent, both by word and act, preached and practised the doctrine of soul-liberty and non-interference with the conscience before Roger Williams was born. Nevertheless, it is true that Williams not only preached and practised his creed, but was able to embody it in a political structure, both permanent and wide-reaching in its influence.

Besides sifting carefully the old sands and finding a few fresh nuggets of recorded fact, the author has been enabled, by long and careful toil over the fire and crucibles of criticism, to set forth the finely finished image of a great man. He shows how the son of a London tailor, after a good school education, trained himself, by the mastery of languages, by a close association with eminent men, and especially by imbibing the spirit of the times, to be a leader of men. He left Old England because, to the spiritual lungs of this Radical, the atmosphere was too close, but on arriving in the Puritan colony of Massachussets, he found that there could be unmitigated popes, as well as those who wore the triple crown. Mr. Straus thinks that the Puritan idea of civil liberty was a very narrow one, and his delight seems to be to assault that colossal fabric of alleged history which the historiographers of the Bay State have for two centuries been so busy in rearing. Still, it must be said that, though the tone of the writer is that of an admirer, his

statements are based on contemporaneous documents and his spirit is unexcited and judicial. He brings into very clear light the difference between the spirit of the tolerant Pilgrims, who had been mellowed and sweetened by their long stay in the land of William the Silent, and the Puritans, whose intense earnestness was yet quite similar to that of the sincere Papist who persecuted and tortured with the idea of doing God's service. Among other good traits, Roger Williams was a student of the Indian languages. He not only won the friendship of the red men, but saved the New England Colonies more than once from war and massacre. Despite the abuse of her generous shelter by licentious men, who could not distinguish between liberty and license, Rhode Island persevered in a noble course. Outliving the contempt of her neighbors, her record in the light of to-day is a great one. The book is handsomely printed, and its carefully made index and abundant notes and authorities make it a valuable contribution to the library of American history and biography.

A Trio of Poets

1. *A Poet's Portfolio. Later Readings.* By W. W. Story. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 2. *The Lower Slopes.* By Grant Allen. Stone & Kimball. 3. *Sonnets and Other Poems.* By George Santayana. Stone & Kimball.

"Qui ne bat la campagne?
Qui ne bâtit des châteaux en Espagne?"

inquired La Fontaine in his genial French of 250 years ago. Everybody, it might be answered; and prominent among the chateau-builders are the scientists, true or pseudo, who spread Icarian wings and attempt empyreal flights in atmospheres not their own. It is not often that the poetic and the scientific veins are united as in the golden-arteried Goethe, the man who could throw off exquisite "Erl-Kings" and profound "Fausts" side by side with treatises on plant-life, the theory of colors and maxillary bones. Usually the "starry Galileo" is content to remain "starry," holding the faith that the "undevout" (*i. e.*, wandering-minded) "astronomer is mad." Yet literary history is not destitute of examples like Michael Angelo or Benvenuto Cellini, who excelled in dual arts, of men who made incursions into realms not originally their own and even conquered fair possessions therein. The arts are often so allied, that expression in any one of them is equally natural and spontaneous, and expression in two is as simple as change from right hand to left to the all-round dextrous. Two of the poets in our trio exemplify this sort of intellectual ambidexterity. Mr. Story is a sculptor whose works are distinguished for force and grace, and the same characteristics—in lesser measure, to be sure,—are noticeable in his verse and prose. In "A Poet's Portfolio" he reveals his aptitude for poetic dialogue interspersed with *Gelegenheitsgedichte* on many of the perplexities of the day. Long before, Boccaccio had used the same machinery in his unrivalled "Decameron," diverging, however, into the incomparable tale, which the American does not do; and Landor, a third Italy-loving *littérateur*, enamored of beauty, had reported "Imaginary Conversations," à la Lucian, between the dead. Felicitous passages here and there remind us that Mr. Story has not expatriated himself for nothing, but as he himself laughs at the extravagance of American "laudation" (p. 138), we will not "laud" him except for versatility, facility in "fingering" his instrument, and occasional flashes of true poetry. The *he* and *she* as the only interlocutors in a dialogue of 293 pages become rather monotonous in the end, and the subjects of the poems—"Death," the "Grave," "Agnosticism," and the like,—while they exemplify well Shelley's "interrupted flow of visionary rhyme," are hardly cheerful reading. They are the monologue of an old man of seventy, rather jaundiced with pessimism, full of questionings and doubts, miles removed from the roseate optimism of Browning or the lyric loving-kindness of Tennyson. The poems are generally in highly

complicated metres which do not admit of quotation, and the English is sometimes rather peculiar, as,

"What serves it that your useless wreaths are *lain*
Upon his grave to deck his silent tomb?" (p. 141.)

Indeed, the incessant recurrence of such topics as the "tomb," "change," "despair," "the vast Unknown," etc., ring the changes to satiety on a species of intellectual melancholia which may be pathologically, but certainly is not poetically, interesting.

Nor can Coleridge's

"The certainty that struck Hope dead
Hath left Contentment in its stead"

be affirmed of Mr. Grant Allen (2), whose poetical pipings are even shriller with discontent, scepticism and ascerbity than Mr. Story's. "The Lower Slopes" are overgrown with bitter weeds; rue, not rosemary, flourishes luxuriantly among them, and the stream Acheron, the Joyless, meanders around the base of the scientific Helicon. In spite of this painful under-note there is real beauty in several of these poems written in early manhood; "Forecast and Fulfilment" is tender and pathetic; "Sunday Night at Mabilie" is profoundly sad, even beautiful but for the last two lines:—

"If woman's virtue cost so much to keep,
Good friend, is woman's virtue worth the price?"

"Mylitta" is a charming creation; "A Vindication" endeavors to show

"That even an ape may be
A credit to his ancestry,"

though "In Memoriam" had said:—

"Let him, the wiser man who springs
Hereafter, up from childhood shape
His action like the greater ape;
But I was born to other things."

Poems to Herbert Spencer, on "Animalcular Theology," and "In Coral Land" show the drift of the author in his Parnassian promenades, while the dainty "Only an Insect" (like Story's "Fritzie") asks the old, immemorial question, why should the poor little moth rush madly into the lamp-flame and agonize uselessly in its dazzling martyrdom:—

"If only I
In my simple song
Could tell you the Why
Of that one little wrong,
I could tell you more
Than the deepest page
Of saintliest lore
Or of wisest sage."

Mr. G. Santayana (3), in his little volume of "Sonnets and Other Verses," exhibits a charmingly musical gift for fourteen-lined verse. The XX. sonnets that open his brief collection are full of promise and spirituality, and very melodious in their simplicity. The thought is sometimes recondite and hard to catch, but there is nothing tawdry in the setting; such green and golden fire as flashes from the opal is its own. Here is a specimen of what the English prettily spell "jewellery":—

"There may be chaos still around the world,
This little world that in my thinking lies;
For mine own bosom is the paradise
Where all my life's fair visions are unfurled.
Within my nature's shell I slumber curled,
Unmindful of the changing outer skies,
Where now, perchance, some new-born Eros flies,
Or some old Cronos from his throne is hurled.
I heed them not; or if the subtle night
Haunt me with deities I never saw,
I soon mine eyelid's drowsy curtain draw
To hide their myriad faces from my sight.
They threat in vain; the whirlwind cannot awe
A happy snow-flake dancing in the flaw."

This is, we hold, a very pretty conceit on the Soul.

Mediaeval Studies

Studies in Medieval Life and Literature. By Edward T. McLaughlin. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE DEATH of any man before middle age inspires us with sadness, but how much more are we affected when the man had the capacity of teaching his countrymen the true appreciation of some of the beauties of literature. Prof. Lounsbury has written a short biographical introduction for this posthumous volume of his former pupil, then colleague, Prof. McLaughlin. In 1860 Edward Tompkins McLaughlin was born in New England, of Puritan stock. Twenty-three years later he graduated from Yale, and, after a year of post-graduate study, was appointed tutor of English at his *alma mater*. In 1890 he was made assistant professor of the same subject, and in 1893 elected to the chair of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres. Two months after this appointment, on July 25, 1893, he died, only thirty-three years old. The works he had published before his death were merely "tasks imposed upon him by the needs of students, and not those undertaken in consequence of his own inclinations." During the last year of his life he had been preparing for publication the essay before us, but the hand of death fell upon him before the task was completed. None of the essays is therefore in the form it would have assumed, had the author lived.

Yale University has a peculiar admiration for Petrarch, as marking the end of the night of mediævalism and the dawn of modern times. A few years ago, in *The Yale Review*, and lately again in his book on the Middle Ages, Prof. Adams laid stress on the importance of Petrarch as the forerunner of modern science by his critical examination of historical evidence. Prof. McLaughlin finds Petrarch equally typical in other directions. In the opening paragraphs of the first essay, we read:—"On the 26th of April, 1335, Mt. Ventoux, near Avignon, was the scene of a remarkable occurrence. Petrarch was the hero, and on the evening of that day, while the impression was yet strong upon him, he wrote an account of it to a friend. The incident was nothing less than climbing a mountain for æsthetic gratification. That he cared to do it showed that Petrarch was on the outskirts of mediævalism." In this essay the author shows that during the Middle Ages there was no Wordsworthian love for nature, nor any detailed knowledge of it, and that the men of those days did not find in the contemplation of its beauties any satisfaction of their spiritual wants. All notices of nature in the literature of those days are formal, merely made as a background for the picture, and the joyous invocations to April and May are produced, not by love of spring, but by happiness that winter with its physical discomforts has passed away, that April "the droghte of Marche has perced to the roote."

Prof. McLaughlin mentions some exceptions to this lack of sympathy with nature, among whom Petrarch is preëminent, but we are surprised not to find Chaucer mentioned among them. Prof. McLaughlin says that Chaucer's descriptions in his early poems were "almost wholly derivative," that his feelings for nature "were purely conventional, though the unction with which he writes shows his real enjoyment" "yet he does not love the picturesque." As we read this we involuntarily recalled a beautiful description of a forest in the "Book of the Duchess," which is redolent with the freshness of the wood, its fascination for us being by no means wholly derived from its archaic language.

Prof. McLaughlin has used the writings of the German poets to illustrate certain phases of mediæval life. Thus he uses the autobiographical poem of the thirteenth-century Minnesinger Ulrich von Liechtenstein to illustrate the artificial chivalric conception of love. It is the same subject that John Addington Symonds treated from a broader standpoint in his admirable essay on the Platonic and Dantesque

ideals of love. In the same way he has used the writings of Neidhart von Renenthal to illustrate the manners and customs of the Bavarian peasantry, and in a third essay he gives a résumé of a poem by Wernher the Gardener, to show how the mediæval farmer lived and thought, and how he was pillaged by the robber-knights. These essays suggest other thoughts, for these three comparatively unknown poets are in Prof. Boyesen's sense realists, since they picture accurately certain phases of contemporary life. According to Prof. Boyesen's views they fulfill the highest function of literature, but when we remember how justly unknown they are, we cannot help being strengthened in the opinion that the highest function of literature is to portray universal, and not passing, phenomena; it is to be a mirror of all times, not of one age. Were Prof. Boyesen's theories realized, the novels of the nineteenth century would not perdure as literature, but would be unearthed by some scholar like Prof. McLaughlin in a century or two, and used merely as historical material. The works that are destined to last longest as literature are those that have in them the least historical interest.

Undoubtedly the finest essay in the volume is on Héloïse, the girl-wife of Abélard. The story of their love is told in sympathetic and forcible language. So vivid and graphic is the description of their characters, that we imagine we have made their acquaintance. Prof. McLaughlin's volume reminds us of Symonds's "In the Key of Blue." Like Symonds he criticised certain phases of literary activity rather than the broad stream of literature. He had a keen appreciation of literary beauty, of the artistic and the poetical. His mind, well stored with a full and accurate knowledge of the best that has been written, overbubbled with apt comparisons and quotations. His style is occasionally involved, but here and there he has compressed sayings of great depth into a few words. Thus, "but the scientist masters the world as a reality, where the poet sees it as a symbol." And, again, "all independence and liberality of mind must be estimated relatively to the age concerned." Especially artistic is the final passage of the essay on Héloïse:—"I think as she lay waiting to be received there (in heaven), she dreamed of looking up from it, not at the ineffable glory, but at one human face stationed highest among the masters in divine philosophy. Highest among the masters! Less than a hundred and fifty years later, the great poem of mediævalism forgot to give Abélard a place even among the penitents of purgatory, and to-day, except by special students, he is remembered only as Héloïse's unworthy lover."

Liszt in his Letters

Letters of Franz Liszt, collected by La Mara. Charles Scribner's Sons.

HERE ARE TWO bulky volumes of letters by that unique musician, Franz Liszt. He came into note as a correspondent by the publication of his epistolary intercourse with his famous son-in-law, Richard Wagner, and it was not unnatural that his other letters should be examined for the purpose of ascertaining whether they would throw further light upon his interesting life and his acquaintance with others quite as interesting as himself. The two volumes of letters collected and edited by La Mara serve to broaden and deepen the conviction, which has been steadily growing since the death of the famous pianist, that his small affectations and weaknesses were pardonable faults in a character really generous and artistic. Liszt has often been accused of insincerity, but it is not easy to detect evidence of it in his letters to other pianists and composers. He was a true artist and a frank man in his recognition of genius so utterly different from his own as that of Robert Schumann. These letters will interest all lovers of music, and some musicians; for it is undeniable that there are a few musicians who read other than technical books. The bulk of the two volumes might have been reduced by the omission of a few highly unimportant letters, but it may be that Liszt enthusiasts,

who will wish to have the book in their collection, will regard it as all the more complete by reason of the presence of these scraps.

Large as it is, however, the editor admits that this collection does not exhaust the store of Liszt's letters. She says that there must be others, to his mother, to Berlioz and to Tausig. The English translator, Constance Bache, suggests that there must, also, exist letters to his daughters, Mme. Olivier and Frau Cosima Wagner. The difficulty of getting at the letters of so voluminous a correspondent is little short of extraordinary. They have been scattered over the face of the globe. For instance, letter No 4, Vol. I., written in the Rue de Provence in 1831, is said by the collector to be in the possession of M. Etienne Charavay in Paris. As a matter of fact it is in the autograph collection of Mr. Charles Bamburgh of this city. But, as already intimated, readers of these two volumes will be deeply interested in the light which they throw on Liszt's character, rather than on the labors of the industrious collector. What will please many admirers of the famous Abbé's music is the frequency of such letters as this, to Edward Grieg, written at a time when that composer was striving for recognition:—

"I am very glad to tell you what pleasure it has given me to read your Sonata (op. 8.) It bears testimony to a talent of vigorous, reflective and inventive composition of excellent quality, which has only to follow its natural bent in order to rise to a high rank. I am pleased to think that in your own country you are meeting with the success and encouragement that you deserve these will not be wanting elsewhere either; and if you come to Germany this winter, I cordially invite you to stay a little at Weimar in order that we may thoroughly get to know each other."

Wagnerians will be pleased to know that these volumes contain 108 references to the Bayreuth master, besides one letter of three lines to him and also his reply. The volumes are provided with a clear and comprehensive index of names, which adds, of course, to their availability for reference. The fact that there is an index becomes worthy of note chiefly because of the deplorable omission of this necessary feature, from the two volumes of the Wagner-Liszt correspondence.

"The Gypsy Road"

A Journey from Krakow to Coblenz. By Grenville A. J. Cole. With Illustrations by Edmund H. New. Macmillan & Co.

THE CYCLIST is introducing a fresh and agreeable variation in the literature of travel. He not only gets out of the beaten track of the average tourist, but he has to get over the ground more deliberately than steam takes him. Hence he sees comparatively unhackneyed scenery and people, and sees them more accurately and minutely than ordinary travellers. As Mr. Cob remarks in the preface to his book:—"Of late we have been so accustomed to step from the steamer to the sleeping-car, and from this to the day-express, that we have forgotten on the one hand the largeness, and on the other the detail of the earth. The rich variety of Continental landscapes, the airy labors of the peasant, the growth or slumbering of towns, the interchange of ideas along the frontier, have become well-nigh lost to us in our rapid passages." This book is the record of a journey on the "wheel" through regions the strangeness of which is well illustrated by the fact, stated in the closing paragraph, that, out of thirty-eight sleeping-places on the route, there are only nine the names of which were previously known to the author and his fellow-traveller. The ride took them from Krakow in Galicia, through Hungary, Moravia and Bohemia, into the German Empire, terminating at Coblenz on the Rhine. They had a pleasant time of it, and met the heartier welcome at the local inns, because so many of these were suffering from the diversion of traffic due to the building of railways. The same complaint is heard in some parts of England, and the increase of cycling is beginning to remedy the loss. Another proof that our wheelmen were out of the familiar channels in which the flood of travel flows is the modest prices they had to pay at these comfortable hostleries, even in the largest towns through which they passed. The bill for supper, lodging and breakfast, wines included, seldom exceeded seventy-five cents of our currency, or what one would pay for a single meal at the tourist-haunted hotels of the Continent. The languages of the country gave them little trouble,

for their German was generably intelligible. This language, indeed, "carries one at present over more ground in Europe than any other tongue." Sometimes, however, it proved an embarrassment, as in a certain place in Bohemia, where they were refused admission to inn after inn, on the improbable plea that they (the inns) were full. At last they happened to mention that they were English, whereupon they were cordially welcomed and told they could have the best rooms in the house. They had been taken for Germans. And this was only twenty-eight miles from Prague, in a country that has had seven hundred years of German rule. "*Austria Felix* has not always imparted her felicity." The story of this journey over "The Gypsy Road" is well told, and the many pictorial sketches of bits of scenery, architecture and life along the route add not a little to its interest. Every page is thoroughly enjoyable.

Fiction

THE SIGNIFICANCE of the title of "*A Man of To-Day*," by Helen Mathers, it is difficult to ascertain. The book might have been called anything as well as this. The men who figure in it are all men of to-day more or less, but not conspicuously so at all. There is a Russian living in exile in England because of his father's sympathy with the nihilist cause, and an Englishman of the ordinary type. These two divide the honor of being the man of to-day, and it is hard to say which has the best right to the title. They are both in love with the same girl, who is supposed to return the Englishman's affection. Suddenly, however, she disappears, and, as the Russian goes home on the same day, it is believed that she has gone off with him, though she knows that he is not free to marry her. Another woman has made trouble between her and her English lover by telling her stories that made her resolve to give him up. But that woman repents of her work, and decides that she will leave no stone unturned to undo it. She discovers that the girl did not go off with the Russian, but is living in retreat somewhere in England. She finds her and brings the two together again. There is not much in the story to interest one, and the little there is, is poorly constructed. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

T. W. SPEIGHT has written a story called "*Burgo's Romance*," which will appeal to lovers of the sentimental. It is filled with thrilling experiences that follow each other in quick succession. The interest is consequently kept alive, but it has no other merit, and one soon tires of this kind of thing. Burgo has an uncle who proposes to take care of him during his life, and to leave him his entire fortune when he dies. Burgo goes off to Europe for some time, and when he returns, he finds his uncle married and his chances in life ruined forever. The woman is an adventuress who has married the old man for his money, and Burgo discovers accidentally that she is endeavoring to make away with her husband. He determines to thwart her if possible, but she slips away from London, taking her husband with her, and, when they finally trace her, she is in an old castle where she thinks she can do as she pleases without anyone's knowing it. This time they prove to her that she had better give up and consent to being pensioned in some distant country. The uncle and nephew are reunited through a lovely young girl who becomes the wife of the latter. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

"THE GREEN BAY TREE" introduces us in its opening chapters to a number of boys who are still at Eton. Two of these are to frame the ground-work of the story, and, after having seen them through several escapades at Eton, we follow them to Cambridge, where we have the same world a little further advanced. A daughter of one of the professors in college is an object of adoration to most of the young men who congregate there. Her hand is finally won by the hero of this story, and at the close of his college course he marries her and takes her off to the Continent for a prolonged stay. Trouble begins then. They spend a great deal of time at Monte Carlo, where he plays high and loses almost everything they have. This form of dissipation leads to others, and his wife is obliged at last to leave him, thinking that he no longer cares for her. She returns to London, where she meets with many vicissitudes, longing always for a sight of her husband, but feeling that he prefers the life he is leading abroad to her. At last she finds him, and hears a very different story from his lips. As stated in a recent London Letter to *The Critic*, the chief interest of the story lies in the fact that most of the characters are drawn from people prominent in English public and social life. It is written by W. H. Wilkins and H. Vivian, and is a very poor performance in both matter and manner. (J. Selwin Tait & Sons.)

"BROKEN LINKS," Mrs. Alexander's new story, is very readable, interesting throughout, and well told. The men and women who figure in it are living creatures with the thoughts and feelings that one would expect them to have—not wooden counterfeits without an idea, or human deformities with impossible views of life. The scene is laid in the South of England, and the story begins with a love affair between the daughter of a clergyman and a nobleman whose estate is in the neighborhood of the little town in which the girl lives. They are married at last, but their happiness does not last long. There is no heir to the estate, and the husband becomes morose, dissatisfied and tyrannical. He has been married before, and thinks his first wife dead. At this juncture, however, she returns and, though he has no idea of acknowledging her claims, he takes advantage of the fact to rid himself of the wife of whom he has tired. He repents bitterly of this afterwards, and, when he is actually free, tries persistently to win her back, but without success. The girl's life is pathetic, but her character is entirely consistent. (Casell Pub Co.)

A COLLECTION of short stories, written by Herbert D. Ward, and published from time to time in the magazines, has been gathered together in a volume called "*The White Crown and Other Stories*." The story which gives its title to the volume represents the French and German armies once more facing each other in battle array. The German Emperor gives the order to fire, but meets with no response. All along the French and German lines it is evident that something extraordinary has occurred, and at last it is borne in on the minds of the two commanders that their soldiers will not butcher each other any longer. "*The Prince of Peace*" has been at work among them, and the millennium has come. The other stories in the book are about on a par with this, rather strained and decidedly fatiguing. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—"COUNTRY LANES and City Pavements," by Maurice M. Muiton is one of the most hopelessly dreary literary efforts that could be imagined. Its moral is that those who know the city pavements, the broad thoroughfares of the well-built sections, and the dark, narrow streets and sunless alleyways through the poorer quarters, will pause before they let their feet wander from country lanes. The heroine of this lurid romance wandered into the proscribed district and came to grief. (The American News Co.)

THE SCENE OF "*The Story of Dan*," by M. E. Frances, is laid in Ireland. It deals with a big, honest, Irish boy, who throws himself away on a girl utterly unworthy of him. She has a dashing sort of beauty that fascinates him in spite of himself, and in spite of all that his mother can say to dissuade him. He is determined to marry the girl if he can, and apparently she consents. Dan himself sows trouble between them by telling her of the admiration she has aroused in the master of the works where he is employed. He is very jealous and vows vengeance, but the girl is dazzled by the prospect of captivating and perhaps marrying a man so far above her. The master is murdered, and Dan is accused of the crime. He refuses to defend himself because the brother of the girl he loves is the murderer, and he makes the sacrifice for her sake. She does not appreciate it, and goes upon the witness-stand to try and convict him herself. The closing scene is very thrilling, and so is the rest of the book. It is quite sweet, and would be very interesting if it were not too sensational. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

IT IS GREATLY to be apprehended that the "Pastime Stories" of Mr. Thomas Nelson Page may stretch the good nature of the critic to such an extent that the "silver cord will be loosed and the golden bowl be broken." Stories of bucking or kicking mules may have an interest for the scientific student of mul-ology; but unless, like the celebrated "prize package," they are enclosed in nets of gold or silver, or told in enchanting style, they are apt to clog on the taste of the seeker after the humorous corner in *Harper's*. The Southern dialect story has, like other forms of Doric art, its severe limitations, and if it is pushed to the extreme of elaboration or thrown off in the "snap" style of the end-man in a coil of cork-tinted minstrels, it will degenerate into mere negro gibberish. Economy in the use of dialect, refinement in the selection of subjects, abstinence from self-repetition, are all useful ingredients in the now popular dish. Some of these "Pastime Stories" have glints of Mr. Page's former spontaneity and charm: "Her Grandmother's Ghost," "Billington's Valentine" and "Her Sympathetic Editor" are worth publishing (or is it re-publishing?); they remind one of the "early and delightful chronicle of old Virginia life" which another Virginian—Porte-Crayon—made memor-

able in the ante-bellum *Harper's*. "Rachel's Lovers" is a capital sketch, and there is pathos in "How Jinny eased her Mind"; but in "Old Sue," "Rasmus" and "Charlie Whittler's Christmas Party," the thin gold of dialect has been worked almost through to the realm of rubbish, and one is dangerously near ineptitude. We must beg Mr. Page not to start on that career of slow but sure intellectual suicide by which some writers of high genius no sooner make a reputation than they begin killing it. (Harper & Bros.)

Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The Trouble in the New York Shakespeare Society.—The Recorder of July 19 has a long article on this subject in which there are some amazing and amusing statements concerning myself. The writer says:—

"When the final split came, neither side would admit that it had seceded, and each persisted in calling itself the Shakespeare Society of New York. To emphasize its superiority over its rival, the branch under the leadership of Appleton Morgan, decided to publish its own edition of Shakespeare. That was to be the evidence of precedence. The other faction vigorously denounced it, and made strenuous endeavors to enlist the support of the eminent Shakesperean scholar and commentator, Dr. William J. Rolfe of Cambridge. That they have succeeded is shown by the events of the past few days. It was the intention of the Price faction to crush its rival faction with one grand coup. That something had to be done at once was evident, for the great name of Shakespeare was being desecrated by the existing state of affairs—two rival bodies claiming title to the name of the Shakespeare Society of New York. It is said that the Price faction relied upon its power to win Dr. Rolfe to its cause, because the doctor is interested in his own edition of Shakespeare, and would be correspondingly averse to have the market flooded with other editions, so he couldn't possibly look upon the new edition of the Appleton-Morgan faction with favor."

In the first place, I never happened to know of the "split" in the Society until I read this and other recent newspaper articles concerning it. I was aware that there was a serious quarrel between the President and other officers of the Society, but not that this had led to its division into two factions, each of which claimed to be the legal organization. Of course, not knowing of the existence of the two societies, I could not become a partisan of either.

Again, I was never "averse" to the publication of the "Bankside" edition of Shakespeare, which, from its character and scope, could not possibly interfere with the sale of my edition. On the contrary, when consulted concerning the plan of that excellent edition, I did what I could, in print and in private, to promote its success, as the columns of *The Literary World* and *The Critic*—to say nothing of other evidence—amply prove. I may add that, if the Sonnets had been included in the edition, it was understood that I was to have charge of the volume, the texts of 1609 and of 1640 being used for the parallel presentation. I had already been asked to edit one or more of the plays in the edition, but declined solely because I was not particularly interested in those which Mr. Morgan wished me to take.

Finally, my letter of May 18, addressed to Dr. Price (printed in *The Critic* of July 14), was not prompted by any desire to meddle in the quarrel between the two societies—of whose very existence, as already stated, I was ignorant. I had received sundry letters from "Mr. L. L. Lawrence," and having long before this been led to doubt the existence of "L. L. Lawrence, Esq.," as the alleged author of an article in *The Arena*, concerning the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, and having learned other facts concerning him which tended to confirm my doubts as to his being what he professed to be, I wrote to Dr. Price for information about the man; and at his request and that of his colleagues in office, the correspondence was printed in *The Critic*. The following letters are now printed at the request of the other side.

THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT, 21 PARK ROW, NEW YORK CITY,
July 14, 1894.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Our attention is called to a letter addressed to Dr. W. J. Rolfe, which—although personal and not literary in character—is printed in your department of Shakespeariana in your issue of this date. This letter is signed by four persons, who attach to their names the titles of certain offices which they, perhaps, suppose that they hold in this Society. Neither of these four persons is at present a Trustee of this Society. Only one has even a colorable claim to

membership in good standing with us. And one of them is not a member at all. Not one of them has been present at a meeting of this Society or a council or committee meeting thereof for two years past. And not one of them has contributed one cent to, nor has an interest to the amount of one cent in the 29 volumes which this Society has published, nor the 18 which are now leaving its press.

There is no such officer known to our Charter as "The Chairman of the Executive Committee." Our Charter creates the officers of Recording, of Assistant-Recording and of Corresponding Secretary. But there is no officer who is entitled to describe himself as "Secretary" of this Society.

No attention, therefore, need be paid to the performances of these persons, nor to any statements which they may feel called upon to make concerning this Society—especially to such statements as that this Society has not "authorised" the supplemental volumes of The Bankside Shakespeare; or that L. L. Lawrence, who has been for the last nine years the Clerk of our Publication Committee, and under whose faithful care all of our publications have been issued and placed, is now taking subscriptions for the Bankside Supplement, without authority.

THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

SCHOOLEYS MOUNTAIN, N. J.
July 17, 1894.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

I have this moment been shown a copy of *The Critic* of July 14. Referring to certain statements made in letters printed therein, will you please state that L. L. Lawrence is, and has been, for the last nine years, clerk of the Publication Committee of the New York Shakespeare Society, and that there never has been any other clerk of that Committee. On the 23rd day of April, 1893, said L. L. Lawrence was also appointed Acting Treasurer of the New York Shakespeare Society. Any and all bills, receipts, contracts, letters or circulars signed by said L. L. Lawrence, either as Clerk of the Publication Committee, or as Acting Treasurer of that Society, are good; and will be honored by all concerned.

APPLETON MORGAN,

President of the New York Shakespeare Society.

THE SHAKESPEARE PRESS.

WESTFIELD, UNION CO., NEW JERSEY.
July 19, 1894.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

GENTLEMEN:—As statements are printed in your literary columns of your issue of July 14 to the effect that the Supplemental volumes of the Bankside Shakespeare are not authorised by the New York Shakespeare Society, we beg to say that each volume of that series contains a certificate, signed by Alvey A. Ade, Albert R. Frey, Harrison Grey Fiske and Appleton Morgan, the Society's Bankside Committee, certifying to the authority under which the edition is issued,—we beg to enclose you a copy of such certificate, and to remain

THE SHAKESPEARE PRESS,

Owners of the copyrights of, and Publishers of the Bankside Sequel, and Printers to the New York Shakespeare Society.

The Lounger

I CONGRATULATE Prof. Drummond on his victory over Mr. Henry Altemus, the Philadelphia publisher, especially as the legal controversy was carried on in the domain of equity and did not touch the question of international copyright at all. Prof. Drummond, as you well remember, was invited to fill the Lowell Lectureship at the Boston Institute for 1893, and accepted the invitation, delivering a series of lectures on "The Ascent of Man," which, as announced in the different trade-papers, was copyrighted in this country, and would be published by a certain publishing-house other than that of Mr. Altemus. Prof. Drummond's lectures, being copyrighted, were not reported in this country, but *résumés* of part of them appeared in *The British Weekly*. These incomplete records were gathered together, edited and published by Mr. Altemus, who had undoubtedly at least the legal right to do so; but unhappily his ambition to spread knowledge among us overleaped itself when he entitled the volume of reprinted and altered extracts "The Evolution of Man: Being the Lowell Lectures delivered at Boston, Mass., April 1893, by Prof. Henry Drummond." The English lecturer prayed, through his attorneys, for an injunc-

tion in equity, on the ground that the reports republished in Mr. Altemus's volume were *not* the Lowell Lectures for 1893, as delivered by him.

* * *

JUDGE GEORGE M. DALLAS of the Circuit Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania granted the injunction on this very ground of misrepresentation, stating at the same time, that the question of copyright, upon which Mr. Altemus's defence was based, was not directly involved. "The defendant's book is founded," he says in his decision, "on the matter which has appeared in *The British Weekly*, and if that matter had been literally copied, and so as not to misrepresent its character and extent, the plaintiff would be without remedy; but the fatal weakness in the defendant's position is, that, under color of editing the author's work, he has represented a part of it as the whole, and even as to the portion published has materially departed from the reports which he sets up in justification." There are still judges in Berlin, and the road of the reprinter is growing hard, indeed. Having mastered the intricacies and loopholes of the International Copyright law, he now finds his labors vain in the presence of the maxim that "equity looks to the substance and not to the form."

* * *

I WONDER WHETHER EQUITY would reach the publisher of whom Miss Harraden recently complained in these columns. He took one of her stories, added a number not by her, and published the collection as "The Umbrella Mender," by Beatrice Harraden, Author of 'Ships that Pass in the Night,' and Other Stories," the impression conveyed being, of course, the wrong one. If equity does not cover this case, it seems to my un-legal mind that it should. Still another unauthorized reprint of Miss Harraden's writings claims to have sold 90,000 copies of "Ships."

* * *

AT THE BEGINNING of a complimentary review of Mr. John Fiske's *Life of Prof. Youmans*—a review which praises both the subject and the book—*The Athenæum* makes the following remark:—

"Mr. Youmans labored, moreover, with as great energy as unselfishness to secure for our men of letters and science some pecuniary reward in America before the existing system of International Copyright was established—a system which is but a sham and a delusion." (The italics are mine.) I doubt that the writer expresses the general opinion of the literary guild in England, though there is no doubt that there has been much disappointment there at the practical operation of the new copyright law in America. The humblest scribbler of penny-dreadfuls thought its passage meant money to him, and the really popular novelist thought that in his case it meant "big" money. It has probably proved a good thing to the latter gentleman, nothing at all to the other one. And in France it has meant very little to even the best-known authors.

* * *

THE HOUSE AT FREDERICTON, New Brunswick, which Major and Mrs. Ewing occupied during their two years' sojourn in Canada, is an object of pride to the Frederictonians. In one of his letters Major Ewing wrote:—"On the evening of our arrival * * * we strolled down one of the principal streets and * * * stopped to rest opposite a large old house, then in the hands of the workmen. There was only the road between this house and the river, and one or two old willows. We said we should like to make our first home in some such spot. Ere many weeks were over, we were established in that very house." Major Ewing frequently played the organ in the Fredericton Cathedral, when the anthems that he had composed were sung. *The Churchman* of July 14 contains a picture of this American home of the author of "Jackanapes," which was known as the River House.

* * *

IN A COTTAGE settlement within twenty miles of New York, and occupied almost exclusively by New Yorkers, there was one not greater than any other. Two churches there were, and a fire-engine house, and a yacht-club, and a fine bathing-pavilion, and rowboats, and excellent roads, and tennis-courts, and five-o'clock tea and hurried breakfasts, and all the rest of it. But there wasn't a circulating-library. That is, there wasn't one till it occurred to the wife of the New York doctor who makes the place his summer home, that there ought to be one; and then one was started. Now a circulating-library is a good thing and a great convenience, but the object of the founder of this one was not so much to provide light reading for the summer cottager, as to provide summer outings for the city poor. The two causes worked well together, as she managed them. By making everyone contribute paper-covered books to the library, and then pay ten cents

a week or three dollars a season for the privilege of reading them, and by giving annually or oftener an afternoon entertainment for the benefit of the fresh-air fund, this energetic citizen has not only established a successful library, but has turned over to *Life* during the past five years the sum of \$1500, to be used in its fresh-air work. This is only an illustration of what one woman can do, the "one woman" in question being Mrs. W. E. Bullard, and the scene of her activities the village of Larchmont on the Sound.

* * *

MRS. BULLARD'S FERTILITY of resource was demonstrated this summer in the case of a new comer in the neighborhood. Having contributed some paper-covered literature to the library, the new arrival offered, in jest, to add to the contribution the uncut grass on a building-site he had just purchased. The offer was accepted in earnest, and the grass sold (standing) for several dollars.

* * *

HAVING TOLD, from my own knowledge, what one woman can do, I may refer briefly to what two other women have recently done, whose achievements have been chronicled by the press. One has ridden a hundred miles on a bicycle in a single day; and the other has kept her employer out of his office, for twenty-four hours, at the point of the elbow, as it were. This latter lady, having locked herself up in the editorial rooms of *The Moslem World*, here in New York, subsisted over night on viands lowered to her window by sympathetic tenants on an upper floor, and in the morning when Mohammed (Mohammed Webb) sought admittance, incontinently slammed the door in his face. The prophet, who is an American in everything but faith and Christian name, knew enough to call a policeman; but the policeman knew enough not to break open the door, when he found there was an angry woman behind it. So Mohammed, who, though a Mussulman, is not a man of muscle, was obliged to invoke the law's procedure in regaining possession of his office. The attempt to establish Islam in New York may have failed so far as Mr. Webb is concerned; but "I slam" was the motto plainly inscribed on his victorious book-keeper's banner.

* * *

The Westminster Budget is puzzled to account for Mme. Sarah Grand's mating of masterful maidens with men whose brows retreat. It asks her to explain—and puts its request in verse:—

"Tell me, Mrs. Sarah Grand
(What I ill can understand),
Why your men are all so horrid,
All with a 'retreating forehead'?"

Why your women all are decked
With every gift of intellect,
And yet—invariably wed
These knights of the retreating head?

She, as bright as a geranium;
He, a simian type of cranium,—
Why, with decent chaps all round her,
Choose an atavistic Bounder?

We are Apes,—well, let that pass:
Need she, therefore, be an Ass?
Tell me, tell me, Sarah Grand,
For I do not understand!"

European Literature of the Past Year

The Athenæum's summary of Continental literature for the year of July 1893—July 1894 was published in its issue of July 7, occupying nearly 21 pages. We give the following *résumé*:—

M. Paul Frédéricq, writing of Belgium, draws special attention to M. George Rodenbach, whose "Le Voile" has been performed at the Comédie Française. Georges Eekhoud, like Rodenbach, one of the moderns, has written a striking study of Antwerp life in "La Nouvelle Carthage," and an anonymous writer has produced a "charming book" on the late Émile de Laveleye. The book that has made the greatest sensation is "The Right of the Strongest," by Cyriel Buysse, undeniably strong, "in spite of a regrettable tendency to imitate Zola in his worst aspects."

Mr. V. Tille draws special attention, in his article on Bohemian literature, to the first part of J. Gebauer's "Historical Grammar of the Bohemian Language," which will be followed by a dictionary of Old Bohemian. "Bohemian fiction is still waiting for its master," but he notes with great satisfaction that "at last a few competent writers are beginning to bestow some pains upon literature for children. A foreigner can hardly conceive with what trash Bohemian

children used to be supplied, * * * and how hopeless the search for a good children's book was."

"As for the last twelvemonth of literary production in Denmark," says Mr. Alfred Ipsen, "the number of books has been very great—much too great, indeed, for so small a nation." The palm of the year's production, he thinks, must be given to historical literature. In fiction, realism is beginning to give way to the romantic, but nothing of importance has been produced. Sophus Michaelis's volume of poems, "Sunflowers," is finished and delicate in manner and matter.

Napoleonic literature occupies a large part of M. Reinach's review of French letters during the year. He discusses shortly the numerous volumes of memoirs, all known to us through translations, and gives the place of honor to M. Lévy's "Napoléon Intime." M. Gabriel Hanoteaux has begun the publication of an important "Histoire du Cardinal de Richelieu." M. Georges Bertin's Life of Mme. de Lamballe "contains in reality the entire history of the events which led to the downfall of the monarchy." M. Imbert de Saint-Amand has edited the "Journal de Marie-Thérèse de France"; and M. Pierre Hachet-Souplet has made an "almost unexpected revelation" in "Louis-Napoléon Prisonnier au Fort de Ham." The two concluding volumes of Renan's "Histoire du Peuple d'Israël" are a "fitting completion to the remarkable work which is one of the proudest ornaments and one of the most undisputed masterpieces of French erudition." Literary criticism seems to have produced fewer works than usual during the period under review. Zola's "Docteur Pascal" stands first, of course, in the year's fiction; Loti published "Matelot," and other notable novels are "Jacqueline," by Th. Bentzon, "Les Filles du Pope," by Mme. Marguerite Poradowska, and Ernest Daudet's "Mademoiselle de Circé." "Toute la Lyre," the new posthumous volume of Hugo's poetry, stands foremost among the poetical works of the year, says M. Reinach, "for in vigor of inspiration and beauty of form they are equal to any he published." Hérédia's "Les Trophées" "are another illustration of the truth of Boileau's sentiment:—

'Un sonnet sans défaut vaut seul un long poème.'"

Mr. Robert Zimmermann opens his article on German literature with a lengthy review of Gerhart Hauptmann's "Hannele," which seems to have made a deep and lasting impression in Germany, though here and in England it was received with unconquerable indifference. He refers shortly to another modern play, "Jugend," by Max Halbe, and to Fulda's "Talisman," and then turns to poetry with the declaration that "there is little to show that would bear any comparison with the dramatic results." In fiction the great writers have all contributed, "but not all with works worthy of their name." Of biographies and autobiographies, Mr. Zimmermann mentions those of Georg Ebers, Gottfried Keller, Felix Dahn, Franz Nissel, Theodor Fontane and Eduard Hanslick, the Viennese musical critic. Two new volumes of Bismarck's Political Speeches have appeared, and, of course, there is a work on Ibsen's Plays, by Emil Reich, which has received the sanction of the Master. In the field of philosophy, mention is made of K. Joel's "Ueber die Zukunft der Philosophie," Rudolph Steiner's "Philosophie der Freiheit" and Bruno Wille's "Philosophie der Befreiung," the latter two starting from Nietzsche's standpoint, but going far beyond him in theoretical anarchy. "On the other hand, Georg Hagemann's 'Elemente der Philosophie' and the 'Moralphilosophie' of the learned Jesuit V. Cathrein return to the strictly Catholic standpoint of the Middle Ages."

Mr. Spyr P. Lambros says that the most important work that the year has brought forth in Greece is undoubtedly Christos Tsuntas's monograph on "Mycenæ and the Mycenæan Culture." Historical publications hold the first place, among them being the memoirs of Spyridon Pilikas and Alexander Rhangabé, F. Albana's "Corfiote Memorabilia," and the second volume of Kyriakides's "History of Contemporary Greece." "Belles-lettres find their best and most accessible home in the periodical press, and consequently little appears in the shape of books."

Mr. Taco H. de Beer finds, on comparing his notes on Dutch literature with those of last year, that he is "far from proud of our literary doings, but there is a better prospect than there has been for many years." The old writers and the moderns have given up fighting altogether: "of the older generation of authors almost all are ladies." Nothing startling has been published in poetry, the drama is conventionally modern, and in fiction the "older authors have given up writing altogether, but are revived in new editions. The greater part of the younger generation are scattering short stories—rapidly written and quickly forgotten—through all kinds of periodicals." The event of the year was Couperus's new novel,

"Majesteit." Mr. de Beer draws renewed attention to the Life of the late Prof. Alberdingk Thym, by his son.

Mr. Leopold Katscher's summary of Hungarian literature shows that fiction has made "a better show this time than for the last two years," and that of short stories there is a good crop. There are several remarkable volumes of verse, but not much that is good was produced in dramatic literature. Many lives of Kossuth were issued, and also of Jókai. Count Géza Kuun's "Relationum Hungarorum cum Oriente Gentibusque Orientalis Originis Historia Antiquissima," of which the first volume has appeared, promises to become one of the great works in the language.

The death of Adolfo Bartoli, the historian of early Italian literature, is the most important event Mr. R. Bonghi finds to chronicle in his article on Italian letters. Of the work of the novelists of his country he says but little. The latest productions of d'Annunzio and Mathilde Serao are far from being their best. Nevertheless, the works of these two, "whatever their intrinsic merit, are fair illustrations of the modern tendency of Italian fiction." In Mr. Bonghi's opinion it has "certainly deteriorated morally," while he cannot see any corresponding artistic improvement. "In poetry the year has not been particularly fruitful. * * * Bad poets, as usual, abound," an exception being made in favor of two young men, Alfredo Baccelli and Mantica. "In history * * * I have little to note; but if I were to attempt to give you a complete list of all the historical publications of the year, * * * I should fill the entire number of *The Athenæum*." Mr. Bonghi notes the starting of a Society of French Studies at Rome, which will have the same object as Jules Simon's Society of Italian Studies in Paris, on which it is modelled. Closing his review of the year's literature, he says:—"From whatever point of view I regard it, I cannot persuade myself that its progress is perceptible * * *. But a movement there is, though it is chiefly beneath the surface. I believe that a time will soon come when I shall be able to speak of the literary life of my country with a higher degree of praise and confidence than I have ever yet done."

The year's harvest in Poland has been richest in fiction, according to Mr. Adam Belcikowski. He mentions B. Prus's novel "Emancipation"—of woman, of course,—and Sewer's "Naphtha," a story of the lives of the proprietors of, and the workmen in, a Galician petroleum-bed. The Jew plays important parts in Gawalewicz's "Mechesy" (baptized Jew) and "The Spiders." Several volumes of excellent verse were published, and at least one play scored an unusual success. The celebration of Kosciuszko's centenary called forth a quantity of publications.

Mr. Paul Milyoukov notes with satisfaction the revival in Russian social life, which he has pointed out during the past two years. The new movement has been so rapid in its growth, that only one writer, Boborikin, has caught it and reproduced it in "The Turning-Point," a novel embracing the period from 1840 to 1890. Potapenko has produced "Alone," a psychological study of childhood, and a drama; and Korolenko "In the Year of Hunger," a vivid picture of the misery of the peasants in the Nizhnovogorod province. Tolstoy's "The Kingdom of God Is Within You" is dismissed with the statement that "the sphere of influence of Tolstoy's ideas grows narrower every year." The dispute between the "peasantists" and the "Marxists" is continued on ever-shifting ground, the latter having gone to extreme lengths in the development of their theories. These questions are fully discussed in Worontsov's "Our Political Tendencies" and Yuzov's "Bases of Peasantism." "The philosophical movement of the last year presents a motley and undefinable appearance. * * * Criticism seems to be the predominant note, with deviations on one side to empiricism, on the other to spiritualism." Several important historical works were published, and Pavlinov's "History of Russian Architecture" is of interest as the first attempt of the kind. Among the works on the history of literature Mr. Milyoukov quotes Zhitetsky's "Little Russian Ballads."

As is but natural, Mr. J. F. Riaño opens his article on Spain with a few final words on Columbian literature, which has been succeeded by a flood of works on Morocco, the Riffs, Melilla and allied subjects, among them being, of course, a truly national "Romancero de Melilla," and other poetic effusions of the same kind. Mr. Riaño draws attention, *en passant*, to the little-known historical fact that Charles IV. proposed to take by surprise the territory between Ceuta and the lesser Atlas, to be made into a principality for Manuel Godoy, Prince of Peace. New editions of the old writers, Lope de Vega, Cervantes, Gongora, Quevedo and others are being published in great numbers. The year's output has been uncommonly rich in historical studies, and bibliography continues to make great progress. Count de la Viñaza's "La Filología Cas-

tellana" contains a bibliographical record of all the treatises on, and dictionaries of, the Spanish language published at home and abroad. "Lyrical and dramatic poetry have certainly not decayed, though they are not so much in favor as they formerly were, and very few, if any, of our best poets have lately given signs of life." "Mariana," by Echegaray, and "Dolores," by Felipe Felu y Codina, are the only important dramas of the year, and among the countless works of fiction are Perez Galdos's "Torquemada en La Cruz," Señora Pardo Bazan's "Cuentos Nuevos" and Valdes's "Idilio de un Enfermo," "Origen del Pensamiento" and "El Maestrante."

London Letter

THE TRIUMPH OF YOUTH was the dominating note of the Author's Summer Dinner, to which I made brief allusion last week, and which was duly and very successfully held at the Holborn Restaurant last Monday. The guests of the evening, Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Mr. H. H. Johnston, C.B., were both young men; the diners were principally youthful; and the toast of Fiction was responded to by Mr. "Anthony Hope" Hawkins, the youngest of the successful, Mr. Walter Besant and Mr. William Black genially standing down to give the latest voice a chance. It was well that Mr. Hawkins was asked to speak, for he alone of those who were heard made anything like a satisfactory oration. Mr. Kipling was evidently determined to be brief at all costs; his speech is probably one of the shortest on record; Mr. Johnston could not be heard beyond his immediate neighbors. Mr. Hope was the success of the evening. He pleaded, with admirable delivery, for a tolerance of every side of fiction, and spoke enthusiastically of the multitude and diversity of the talents which are at the present moment active in that field of literature. He sat near to Mr. William Black, with whom he was to be observed discussing literary questions with the keenest interest. It was suggestive to see the older and the younger schools in so close a sympathy; and, indeed, the whole evening was a great success, reflecting the highest credit upon the energy of the indefatigable Secretary, Mr. G. Herbert Thring.

The American memorial to Keats in the Parish Church of Hampstead, of which I have already spoken, will be unveiled next Monday, at four o'clock in the afternoon. The event is attracting a great deal of attention from the press, and promises, I hear, to be very largely attended. Mr. Walter Besant, whose kindness and hospitality are notorious, and whose house is close to the Church, will entertain a distinguished party of Americans and English earlier in the afternoon. Mr. Bret Harte, who was to present the bust, cannot be discovered. He seems to have vanished into thin air; and the presentation will be made, unless Mr. Harte turns up at the church door like a fairy bridegroom, by Mr. Fred. Holland Day, the Secretary of the Memorial Committee. It will be received, in a set address, by Mr. Edmund Gosse, who will be supported by Mr. Sidney Colvin, the biographer and editor of Keats, by Mr. F. T. Palgrave of "Golden Treasury" fame, now the venerable Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and by Professor J. Willis Clark, Registrar of the University of Cambridge, and this year's Rede lecturer. Each of these gentlemen may be depended upon for a suggestive little address. Then Mr. Gosse will pull the string, and Miss Whitney's white marble will be revealed. This, at least, is, as I learn, the programme. After the ceremony a large number of the more distinguished guests will collect at tea in the beautiful garden of the vicarage by the invitation of the Rev. S. B. Burnaby, incumbent of the parish. I understand that almost every distinguished Englishman of letters, and in particular every living poet, old and young, has received an invitation to be present. Mr. Swinburne, who cannot come, has sent a letter of congratulation to be read in the Church. This American memorial to Keats promises to be the most fashionable literary event of the year. There is an amusing feature. I understand that the attendance of bishops will be considerable, and that the Archbishop of Canterbury himself will make an effort to be present. What would Keats, with his suspicion of parsons, have said to this! One word more of gossip. It is whispered that the United States Ambassador was invited to present the bust, and that, after half promising to do so, he abruptly withdrew. I cannot absolutely vouch for this, but there was certainly some vacillation at the Embassy.

And now to leave the heights of Hampstead and Parnassus and descend to the street and the money market. The strangest of strange rumors is flitting round publishing circles this morning. It is reported that a millionaire who is by now familiar in the ranks of London journalism has conceived a scheme for practically absorbing the book-trade altogether. This scheme, it is proposed,

shall take the form of a vast publishing syndicate, which shall, by the size of its offers, draw to it all the literary talent of the country and so supplant those reputable firms whose foresight discovered the genius of the unknown author long before the un-literary millionaire was known in the land. The plan is doomed to failure, but it will not be relinquished without an attempt. It is said that there are two men, and two men only, in London, whose influence this millionaire considers necessary to the success of his undertaking. Who can they be, I wonder? One may make a shrewd guess at one; but the second is a harder matter. No doubt we shall hear more in the future.

The success of Mr. Charles Ashton in winning the principal literary prize at the Eisteddfod reveals yet another diversity of genius. We have had literary genius among the postmen; and now the policeman comes to claim his meed of honor. Mr. Ashton has been twenty years on the force, and resides in a little village in Montgomery. He has educated himself, and had saved enough money to retire, when the failure of the Liberator Building Society dissipated his little earnings. His annual holiday is, it is said, invariably spent in a visit to the British Museum; he has published two books, and is engaged upon a "Bibliography of Wales." Truly, Mr. Ashton is "a credit to the force"! Reports have appeared lately in some of the literary papers, announcing that Mr. George Moore intends going to Bayreuth; in order to write a book upon Wagner. I have the best reason for believing that these statements are quite incorrect. Mr. Moore does, indeed, contemplate a visit to Bayreuth, but it is highly improbable that he will make any "copy" out of his impressions. He is one of the first to admit that a cobbler should stick to his last, and, having made his reputation as a writer of fiction and a critic of art, it is not likely that he will now commit himself to music.

After many delays it is announced that we are at last to have the study of "The Art of Thomas Hardy" which Mr. Lionel Johnson finished writing some two years ago. The book has been held back because Mr. John Lane, the energetic publisher, has been too busy to find time to complete the bibliography. The work, however, is now all but done, and the volume should be very interesting. Mr. Johnson is, I think, beyond question the most soundly critical of the young men-of-letters. He is not more than twenty-seven years of age, if so much, and looks a great deal younger. He was educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford, where he was the centre of a little literary group, and took a first class in classics. He is very deeply read, not only in the ordinary lines of literature, but also in philosophy and religious history, and is, generally speaking, the best equipped young man that has come into London journalism for years. His book is sure to be clever and suggestive. Mr. Stead is busy upon a new book, dealing with the labor war in Chicago. It is said that he is writing night and day to get it out at once, that it will contain 200 pages, innumerable illustrations, and will be published at one shilling. In the current *Review of Reviews*, to be issued on Monday, he deals with the question of Lord Rosebery's racing exploits and their morality at considerable length. Was there ever such energy in the history of journalism?

LONDON, July, 13, 1894.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Boston Letter

EDITOR BARRETT inquired of Walter Gilman Page, the well-known artist, what became of art-students after they had finished their course, and Mr. Page's reply is of interest on account of his standing. Piquancy, he declared, was given to the question through the fact that Cupid is very apt to be an intrinsic factor in the answer, who ousts with his customary selfishness the god of art. But Mr. Page would find satisfaction in the fact that even when marriage nips in the bud a growing artist, the preliminary training in the art school results in bringing into the new family a keener appreciation of the beautiful and a higher tone of culture. To such young women as do continue in their profession he pays a warm tribute by his emphatic declaration that women painters and sculptors, when turning their ambitions to Paris and other art-centres, bear themselves as bravely in the battle of the talents as any member of the host. By far the larger number of women art students turn to teaching, he says, and he does not find that any particular branch of the art is more attractive than the other to the female sex. He declares, in speaking of environment, that the native heath holds closer the women than the men. I am sorry to say that Mr. Page regards New York as superior to Boston in its advantages for the study of art. He declares that the metropolis is constantly increasing its supremacy in matters artistic.

The big white building next to our Art Museum is fast getting ready for occupancy, and already the Trustees are planning how they can best move and deposit that half-million and more of books to line its shelves. That it is no small contract may be judged from their request for an appropriation of \$12,000 to pay for moving from the old library building to the new. The City Council apparently will make no fight over this. Writing of the doings of the City Council, I may mention that before long the report of the Franklin Fund Trustees on the subject of trade-schools will be ready for publication. The Trustees made a tour of the country to inspect trade-schools, as distinct from schools where the mechanic arts are taught, and as a result have decided that the best method to utilize the fund, now amounting to \$431,000, is to establish trade-schools as a part of the public school system, with instruction furnished in the rudimentary principles of blacksmithing, carpentry and other trades. I wonder if any young inventor or mechanic will be so developed from this new school system as to produce such a clock as has just been given to Harvard College Observatory, a clock pronounced to be the largest, rarest and most valuable in the country, with possibly one exception. For five months it ran without one second's variation, and it won for its owner a gold medal from the Massachusetts Mechanics' Charitable Association. Built about 1840 by S. Willard & Son, the famous clock-makers of Boston, it finally passed into the hands of Henry Aston, who succeeded to the concern. A second clock exactly like it was made a few years later, at a cost of \$1500 and three years of work, a beautiful time-piece with its pivots and escapement jewelled with sapphire and a cut-glass pendulum filled with sixty pounds of mercury. Somehow these interesting old relics always seem to come to Harvard ultimately.

And now for a few items of news. The announcement came last week from Augusta, Me., that the well-known publishing house of E. C. Allen & Co. had decided to close its works permanently at the end of this month. Twenty-six years ago this house, now so widely known, was started in a little office by E. C. Allen; and since his death, in 1891, it has been conducted by the heirs. It is said that during the past five years the concern has issued a million copies of its periodicals every month. The corporation is able to meet all its bills in full, and expects to turn over its subscription lists to other periodicals. The closing up was due to the general depression in business, the firm deciding that, though it could run on and pay its bills for some time to come, yet, as it was losing daily and could see no improvement in the immediate future, it was better to stop now. The Augusta Board of Trade, however, has just taken steps to carry on the business, if it is possible.—Mr. Lorin F. Deland is at Newcastle coaching the Harvard foot-ball team, and Mrs. Margaret Deland, his wife, has joined him there.—The Rev. Timothy Brosnan has been promoted from the professorship of philosophy to the Presidency of Boston College, the ex-President, Fr. Devitt, joining the Georgetown University.—The Rev. Stopford Brooke of Bloomsbury, England, author of "The History of English Poetry" and other works, is to come to America soon and deliver a course of lectures at the Lowell Institute in this city.

At last an inscription has been placed over the grave of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Hitherto there has rested in Sleepy Hollow a huge boulder, brought from the open field and standing in a rugged simplicity as a fitting memorial of the dead philosopher. So many people came to visit the grave, that it became necessary for the family to place a net-work of wire as a fence around the lot, and to close the passageway with a locked gate. But these visitors found no inscription to satisfy their interest. This week, however, a bronze plate has been set in the stone, with the following words upon it:—

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Born in Boston, May 3, 1803.

Died in Concord, April 27, 1881.

"The passive master that lent his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him planned."

It is said that when the stone was chipped away to make room for this plate, every precaution was taken to avoid the carrying away of fragments that would serve simply to gratify curiosity. But a number of the chips were saved, and will be disposed of as souvenirs.

BOSTON, July 24, 1894.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

MR. J. G. CUPPLES, Boston, has associated himself with Mr. H. W. Patterson. Cupples & Patterson will devote themselves to the importing and selling, as well as to the publishing, of books.

Chicago Letter

ON THE EVE of his departure for a year's stay in Holland, France, and Spain, Mr. Jules Guerin is exhibiting a number of water-colors in a secluded corner of one of the tall buildings in the heart of the city. Some of them I described when they were hung with his delightful collection in the rooms of the Society of Artists, a few months ago; but the others are now first displayed. Mr. Guerin is one of the most talented and brilliant aquarellists in the country, handling his material with a masterful freedom. He is particularly deft in his rendering of atmosphere, whether it shimmer under the warm New Orleans sun or lie heavy and cold upon the earth in more northern climes. Its subtleties under gray skies have been revealed to him, and in one green landscape, whose trees have a wonderful freshness and delicacy in their foliage, we can almost feel the cool dampness of the rain-drenched atmosphere. There is an unmistakable poetic quality in this and in several of the others—in two Kentucky studies, especially, where something more than the mere art of plowing is suggested between the lines of the furrows. The homely weariness of the men whose task is finished in the one, and a lonely woman standing by an overturned plow in the other, help in this poetic expression, but they are subordinate to the delicate gradations of blues and greens and the subtle half-mists in the atmosphere. The air is clearer over the Illinois marshes, as Mr. Guerin paints them, and more brilliant and scintillating in the New Orleans courtyards, whose flower-laden balconies are gay with color. In several studies of the Fair, which are in some respects the most interesting things that he has done, he has expressed in most unusual measure the real life and action of the place. Its variety, its changing color, its gayety are revealed in these vivid sketches, which suggest, also, something of the magnitude of the Exposition and its imposing grandeur. No other studies of the subject that I have seen have approached these in beauty.

The National Educational Association of the United States has published the papers delivered at the educational congresses in this city last summer; and the volume, which is considered the most valuable one ever issued by the Trustees, is now ready for delivery. It will doubtless prove to be exceptionally important to teachers and professors, as it contains contributions from well-known educators and specialists from all parts of the world. To be explicit, the countries represented are Austria, Uruguay, Sweden, Norway, Argentine Republic, Australia, Canada, Russia, New Zealand, England, France, Italy, India, Japan and Germany. Of the discussions which grew out of these conferences between men of many lands, President Angell of the University of Michigan, who presided at the general meetings of the congresses, says that "never before has any country witnessed so imposing a manifestation of interest in educational affairs." The range of subjects discussed was very wide, for, besides the main congress on education, there were many subordinate conferences on special departments, as "Higher Education," "Kindergarten Instruction," "Professional Training of Teachers," "Art Instruction," "Physical Education," "Manual Instruction" and "Rational Psychology." President Gilman of Johns Hopkins University presided at the congress of higher education, and Gen. Walker, President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, at that which treated of technological instruction. A few subjects of papers may give some idea of the scope of the report just published. The Rt. Rev. John J. Keane, Rector of the Catholic University at Washington, spoke upon "The Relation between Educational Methods and Educational Ends," and Mr. Gabriel Compayré, President of the French commission on education, upon "The Present Situation of Education in France." And from the list of papers I select the following as having special interest: "The Relation of Professional Schools to the University," by President Seth Low of Columbia College; "The Study of English Literature in French Universities," by M. A. L. Chevrillon, delegate from the Minister of Public Instruction, France; "The Relation of our Colleges and Universities to the Advancement of our Civilization," by the Rt. Rev. John J. Keane; "Religion in the School," by Dr. E. E. White; "Confucius and his Educational Ideas," by Dr. H. Endo, delegate from the Imperial Educational Society of Japan; "Schools for Neglected Children," by James S. Small, Truant Inspector, Auckland, New Zealand; "Shop Work and Drawing as Means of Developing Slow Pupils," by Prof. R. H. Richards, Boston; "Importance of the Aesthetic Aim in Elementary Instruction in Drawing," by S. W. Miller, Principal of the Philadelphia School of Industrial Art. These are but a few of the many subjects treated in this volume, which may be obtained through N. E. Calkins, 124 East 80th St., New York.

Rand, McNally & Co. are doing their best to supply the summer demand for light literature, but unfortunately they have not a high opinion of the public's taste. "The Red House," by The Duchess, "His Will and Hers," by Dora Russell, and "Against Odds, a Romance of the Midway Plaisance," by Lawrence L. Lynch, do not imply a very cautious standard of appreciation. They are of the kind that the world can easily let die. "A Flower of France," by Marah Ellis Ryan, is much more wholesome and of better calibre. It is prettily bound, moreover, in a light brown and gold cover designed by Miss Alice Morse. A story of Louisiana a century ago, it invades a new and most romantic territory; but the writer cannot make it real and vivid to us. The plot is complicated, the style often fulsome and grandiose, and the characters are either too wicked or too perfect to have much human blood in them. Nevertheless, there is a charm about the book, for it shows a lively fancy, a fresh unconsciousness and an unsophisticated carelessness of modern standards that are positively refreshing. The plot is pretty, too, full of surprises; and, often involving its lay figures in the most terrifying difficulties, it brings them out happily at the end.

The Chap-Book continues to appear regularly twice a month, and a most attractive little periodical it is. The number for July 1 contained a translation of a discriminating article by Anatole France on Paul Verlaine, with a portrait of the latter, and a delicate little poem done into English. The latest number contains several clever things, notably a few pages "On the Delights of an Incognito" and a charming drawing by Beardsley. A quatrain by Aldrich, on "Pessimistic Poets," is well worth quoting:—

"I little read those poets who have made
A nobler Art a pessimistic trade,
And trained their Pegasus to draw a hearse
Through endless avenues of drooping verse."

Chicago, July 24, 1894.

LUCY MONROE.

Notes

THE NEW VOLUME of "Transactions of the Grolier Club," which will cover the first ten years of the Club's history, will be issued early in the coming autumn. It will be a very much larger volume than the early issue, which was given to members at a nominal price, and will be most carefully printed on hand-made paper, illustrated and decorated with views of the exterior and interior of the Club-House. It will also contain some special contributions of much interest to Grolierites. The Club's two-volume edition of the Poems of John Donne, edited by Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, is on press and will be ready for subscription sometime in October.

—Lady Blennerhasset, the author of an elaborate life of Madame de Staël, has written a similar life of Talleyrand, which has been translated into English by Mr. F. Clarke, and is to be published by Mr. Murray.

—"Lohengrin" was sung at Bayreuth on July 20, for the first time in the history of the Wagner festivals. The performance has peculiar interest for Americans, because an American singer, Mme. Nordica, scored a great triumph as Elsa. Her appearance is the first artistic contribution America has made to the festivals.

—The New Woman has recently drawn her own picture and that of man as they appeared to her; and the daughter has revolted. A well-known writer, hidden for once behind a pseudonym, has answered in "George Mandeville's Husband," which strangely named story draws a vivid though not inviting picture of the New Woman. The book will be published by the Appletons, who announce, also, the third and concluding volume of Méneval's Memoirs, dealing with the events from the Russian campaign to Waterloo; "Essays, Biological and Geological," by Prof. Huxley; "A Rejoinder to Prof. Weismann," by Herbert Spencer, reprinted from *The Contemporary Review*; and "General Lee," by Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, in the Great Commanders Series.

—Ginn & Co. announce "Medieval Europe: 800 to 1300 A.D.," by Prof. Ephraim Emerton, a continuation of his "Introduction to the History of the Middle Ages."

—Mr. Francis P. Harper has acquired the manuscript of Lamb's "Confessions of a Drunkard." It fills eighteen pages and a half, and is bound at the end of a copy of the author's works in two volumes, London, 1818, a presentation set to Lamb's friend Barron Field. Each volume contains Field's book-plate, and the text has been enriched with many explanations and additions, presumably by that gentleman's hand.

—A Bryant Centennial will be held by the Brooklyn Institute of Art and Sciences, early in November, in the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Mr. Parke Godwin, the poet's son-in-law, will deliver an address.

—"The stern spirits who object to Bourget's dilettantism may take comfort in the reflection that he is growing out of it," says *The Speaker*. "He has abandoned the elegant languor of his youth for seriousness—say, rather, for austerity. Serious he always was; there is not a trace of fun in the man. Every self-respecting author is expected to have his successive 'manners'; and Bourget certainly has two. To adopt a classification which he has himself applied to others, he was a psychologist, and is now a moralist."

—Little, Brown & Co. announce "The Napoleon Romances," a series of six new volumes in their Library Edition of the romances of Alexandre Dumas. The illustrations are by van Muyden, Edmund H. Garrett, Felix Oudart and Frank T. Merrill.

—The first (July) issue of *The New Science Review*, managed by Mr. J. M. Stoddart, erstwhile of *Lippincott's*, and published quarterly by The Transatlantic Publishing Co., contains articles on "The Mystery of the Ice Age and its Solution," by Major-Gen. A. W. Drayson; "Diamonds and Gold," dealing with Anglo-Saxon supremacy in South Africa, 1814-94, by Major F. I. Ricarde-Seaver; "Thomas Paine and the Republic of the World," by Moncure D. Conway; "A Newton of the Mind," by Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, and "Scientific Creation," by Julian Hawthorne—two articles on Keely and the discoveries he claims; "The Problem of the Pole," by Charles Morris; "The Canals of Commerce," dealing principally with American canalization, by Prof. Lewis M. Haupt; "Nikola Tesla and his Works," by Lieut. F. Jarvis Patten; "New Violins for Old," by Edward Heron-Allen, who desires "to point a middle course between the advocates of new instruments" and those "who hold that any new violin is a thing abhorrent to the artistic eye and distressful to the cultured ear"; "The Great Duke of Marlborough," a review of Lord Wolsley's biography of the famous warrior, by Sidney James Low; "The Rights and Wrongs of Toad-Stools," by Charles McIlvaine; "Why Do Certain Works of Fiction Succeed?" by Marriion Wilcox; and "Current Scientific Discussion," by Prof. Angelo Heilprin. The *Review* aims at supplementing the older scientific periodicals: "it does not assume that the reader already has an esoteric acquaintance with the matter in hand * * * ; it explains before it demonstrates." The manager announces that the next number will contain an article by Prof. J. Dewar, well-known through his experiments with liquid oxygen. The Company has been organized, not only for the publication of this quarterly, but also for the purpose of issuing books, placing MSS. and supervising literary undertakings on both sides of the Atlantic. Among the stockholders are Gilbert Parker, Paul B. Du Chaillu, the Earl of Norbury, Julian Hawthorne, Major Handy, Henrik Ibsen, Amélie Rives Chanler, John Habberton, Harrison S. Morris, Melville Philips, Edwin Heron-Allen, Major Ricarde-Seaver, Julius Chambers, Charles Morris and Carl Edelman.

—The Italian Library and Reading-Room at 149 Mulberry Street, established by Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes, was opened on July 22. The house, which is three stories high, has been thoroughly refitted, and contains two rooms for children, with games as well as pictures and books, and a sewing-room for girls.

—The August (Midsummer Holiday) *Century* will contain a story of the East, "The Wooing of Hise," by George Wharton Edwards; one of the West, "Maverick," by Mary Hallock Foote; and two of the South, "Old Bias's Vision," by Virginia Frazer Boyle, and "Brother Rolly's Drawback," by Lucy S. Furman. There will be several other stories. F. Marion Crawford has written of "Washington as a Spectacle," his article being illustrated by André Castaigne, and there will be a dialect poem by James Whitcomb Riley. A portrait of Poe, engraved by Timothy Cole, will accompany some of the poet's newly discovered letters, and there will be an article on "Walking as a Pastime," by Prof. Eugene Lamb Richards of Yale.

—"The last work on which the late Sir Henry Layard was engaged," says *The Athenaeum*, "was the condensation of his 'Early Adventures' into one volume, of which he had just finished the revision for Mr. Murray. As the notices which have appeared of Sir Henry Layard have dwelt with some emphasis on his somewhat forbidding manner, it is only right to take this opportunity of adding that a very warm heart was concealed under it, and that those who knew him well were strongly attached to him."

—The University of Chicago will build a permanent home for its Presidents, on Lexington Avenue opposite Foster Hall. The house will be built with special regards to its occupant, and will be in part the ideal retreat of a great scholar and in part a mansion where the chief executive of a great institution can worthily discharge his social duties. It will be three stories high, in Gothic style, and will cost \$40,000, on which capital a rental of 5 per cent. will be charged to the occupant. Dr. Harper, who will be first to inhabit the official residence, has been consulted as to every detail. News comes from Chautauqua, where he is principal of the College of Liberal Arts, that Dr. Harper played the cornet at a concert recently, and proved himself as thorough a musician as he is a scholar.

—Among the members of Dr. Frederick R. Cook's Arctic excursion aboard the "Miranda" is Mr. Henry C. Walsh, a well-known Philadelphia journalist, who will report for *Outing* the hunting of big game by land and sea that is expected to form the chief attraction of the trip.

—A London edition of Prof. Ely's "Socialism and Social Reform" will be published by Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.

—What is said to be the first complete sketch of the Government Printing Office ever published in a periodical, appears in the July *Paper and Press*. The August number will contain a paper on the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, and an article on the Library of Congress is announced for an early issue. Ex-Judge S. R. Davis is the author of the series.

—Among the new publications of J. Selwin Tait & Sons are "Before the Gringo Came," by Gertrude Atherton, "A Seventh Child," by John Strange Winter, and "The Untempered Wind," by Joanna N. Wood.

—The Denver Public Library is "public," indeed. Begun about four years ago, it is now utilized by all kinds and conditions of men, down to the barefooted urchin, who is attracted by the illustrated papers. Mr. J. C. Dana, the Librarian, says:—"We give to any reputable appearing adult resident of the city a book, on his own representation. We lend to children of any age, if they are able to read, and a reputable resident signs for them. We lend books all over the State, to old and young, and for every purpose. We open the shelves—except those allotted to fiction, and that only because we lack room—to everybody. We lend a large number of books for the size of the library—16,000 a month, with only 20,000 volumes. We do everything we can to get the books used and worn out."

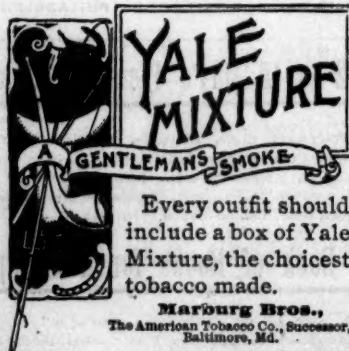
—The F. A. Davis Co. will publish in September "Practical Urinalysis and Urinary Diagnosis," by Charles W. Purdy, M.D., a manual for the use of practitioners and students, with numerous illustrations, including colored photo-engravings.

—Mrs. M. G. van Rensselaer's letters to the *World* on, or rather against, woman suffrage have been published in pamphlet form by the American News Co., under the title of "Should We Ask For the Suffrage?"

—The late Lord Coleridge left an exceedingly interesting collection of letters in the hand-writing of Coleridge, Wordsworth and Southey, addressed to his father, Sir John Coleridge. They cover nearly the whole of the poet Coleridge's career, and begin with the appeal to buy his discharge from the army.

Publications Received

- Bernhard, M. The Pearl. Trl. by M. S. Smith. 50c. International News Co.
 Bradshaw, J. An English Anthology from Chaucer to Tennyson. \$1.50. Longmans, Green & Co.
 Catalogue of Paper Covered Books. The Book and News-Dealer. San Francisco: W. E. Price.
 Christian, S. Sarah: A Survival. 50c. Harper & Bros.
 Cobb, T. Disappearance of Mr. Derwent. 50c. F. T. Nesly.
 Conway, M. D. Centenary History of South Place Society. 50c. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Dale, D. Lottie's Wooing. 50c. Cassell Pub. Co.
 Davidson, W. L. Theism and Human Nature. 50c. Longmans, Green & Co.
 De Ybarra, A. M. F. Medical History of Christopher Columbus. 50c. Longmans, Green & Co.
 Fowler, J. K. Recollections of Old Country Life. 50c. Longmans, Green & Co.
 Hale, H. The Fall of Hochelaga. Cambridge, Mass.: Am. Folk-Lore.
 Hardy, E. G. Christianity and the Roman Government. 50c. Longmans, Green & Co.
 Harraden, B. Ships that Pass in the Night. 50c. Authorized American Edition. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Henderson, E. F. History of Germany in the Middle Ages. 50c. Macmillan & Co.
 Hensel, J. Macrobiotic. Tr. by L. H. Tafel. \$1.60. Boericke & Tafel.
 Hopkins, R. C. Roses and Thistles. 50c. San Francisco, Cal.: Wm. Doxey.
 Hufford, L. G. Selections from Ruskin. \$1.70. Ginn & Co.
 Lang, A. Cock Lane and Common-Sense. 50c. Longmans, Green & Co.
 Lewald, F. The Mask of Beauty. Tr. by M. M. Pleasants. 50c. Robert Bonner's Sons.
 McCrackan, W. D. Romance Switzerland. \$1.50. Joseph Knight Co.
 McCrackan, W. D. Teutonic Switzerland. \$1.50. Joseph Knight Co.
 Marryat, F. Parson Jones. 50c. Cassell Pub. Co.
 National School Library of Sons. No. 2. Ed. by L. R. Lewis. Ginn & Co.
 Otken, C. H. Ills of the South. 50c. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Pestalozzi, J. H. How Gertrude Teaches her Children. Tr. by L. K. Holland and F. C. Turner. Ed. by E. Cooke. 50c. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen.
 Pollard, J. G. The Pamunkey Indians of Virginia. Washington: Government Printing Office.
 Ramsbotham, F. S. Perseus of Eschylus. 50c. Longmans, Green & Co.
 Ransom, J. U. Longman's German Composition. 50c. Longmans, Green & Co.
 Richards, L. E. Narcissa. In Verona. 50c. Estes & Lauriat.
 Rollins, F. W. Break of Day Tales. 75c. Joseph Knight Co.
 Russell, W. C. List, Ye Landmen! 50c. Cassell Pub. Co.
 Scholler, L. W. A Chapter of Church History from South Germany. 50c. Longmans, Green & Co.
 Sexton, P. T. Plan for Independent Voting within Political Party Lines. 50c. Stone & Kimball.
 Stevenson, R. L. and Osbourne, L. The Ebb Tide. \$1.25. Cassell Pub. Co.
 Sylva, C. Edleen Vaughan. 50c. Longmans, Green & Co.
 Thornton, J. Human Physiology. \$1.50. Longmans, Green & Co.



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